

H Y M N S

3437. f. 2.

AND

Spiritual Songs.

By JOHN DRACUP, *K*

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT SOWERBY.

2 6
2 6
2 0

B O L T O N :

PRINTED BY B. JACKSON.

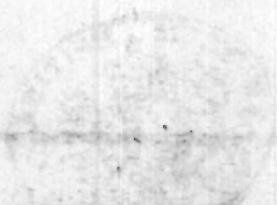
" 1787. .

Call Ma

H. Y. M. H.

[Handwritten signature]

General George



JOHN H. D. A. C. U. S.

JOHN H. D. A. C. U. S.

JOHN H. D. A. C. U. S.

JOHN H. D. A. C. U. S.

JOHN H. D. A. C. U. S.

JOHN H. D. A. C. U. S.

[Large handwritten signature or name]

I N D E X.

<i>Admiring Christ's dying Love</i>	- from H. 1 to 10
<i>Desiring Communion with God</i>	- - - 11, 12
<i>Praise to God</i>	- - - 13 to 16
<i>Ephesians iv, 30.</i>	- - - 17
<i>Jer. xiii, 6. Imputed Righteousness</i>	- - - 18
<i>An Hymn of Praise for the Blood of Christ</i>	19
<i>John xi, 35. Jesus Wept</i>	- - - 20
<i>Sol. Song ii, 1. I am the Rose of Sharon</i>	21
<i>Sol. Song ii, 1. The Lily of the Vallies</i>	- 22
<i>1 Pet. i, 8. Whom having not seen ye Love</i>	23
<i>On Isa. xxxv, 1, 2.</i>	- - - 24
<i>1 Thes. iv, 14. Jesus Died, and Rose again</i>	25
<i>An Hymn for a Mourner</i>	- - - 26 to 29
<i>An Hymn of Praise to God</i>	- - - 30
<i>Psa. cxlv, 19.</i>	- - - 31
<i>1 John iv, 16. God is Love</i>	- - - 32
<i>Ephe. v, 2. Walk in Love</i>	- - - 33
<i>John xiv, 18. I will not leave you Comfortless;</i>	} 34
<i>I will come to you</i>	
<i>Gen. xlix, 23, 24.</i>	- - - 35
<i>Luke xix, 41. He beheld the City, and wept over it</i>	36
<i>For a Backslider</i>	- - - 37 & 38
<i>Going to the House of God</i>	- - - 39

For

<i>For the Lord's Day, in the Morning</i>	- - -	40
<i>Complaint</i>	- - - - -	41
<i>Upon Death</i>	- - - - -	42
<i>And now Lord, what wait I for? my Hope is in thee</i>		43
<i>A Complaint of wandering Thoughts</i>	- - -	44
<i>Search me, O Lord</i>	- - - - -	45
<i>Repentance arising from the Sufferings of Christ</i>		46
<i>A Morning Hymn</i>	- - - - -	47
<i>An Evening Hymn</i>	- - - - -	48
<i>Zec. iv, 7.</i>	- - - - -	49
<i>Praise to the Redeemer</i>	- - - - -	50
<i>Isa. xlix, 13, 14, 15, 16.</i>	- - - - -	51
<i>Weary World</i>	- - - - -	52
<i>2 Pet. i, 19.</i>	- - - - -	53
<i>An Hymn for the Spring</i>	- - - - -	54
<i>Psal. xxxix, 12.</i>	- - - - -	55
<i>The Mourner's Complaint</i>	- - - - -	56
<i>An Hymn for the Lord's Supper</i>	- - - - -	57
<i>Sol. Song viii, 5.</i>	- - - - -	58
<i>At Meeting to Worship</i>	- - - - -	59 to 61
<i>At Parting</i>	- - - - -	62
<i>Rev. vii, 14, &c.</i>	- - - - -	63
<i>A View of Heaven</i>	- - - - -	64

H Y M N S
A N D
S P I R I T U A L S O N G S.

H Y M N I.

Admiring CHRIST'S Dying Love.

- 1 STUPENDOUS Grace! Heaven's Darling bleeds
To ransom Rebels doom'd to Hell;
Well might Heav'n's Lamps put on their Weeds,
And hide their Faces in a Veil.
- 2 Transcendent Love! it was for me,
For me, among the sinking Race,
He bled and dy'd upon the Tree.—
Where shall I hide my blushing Face?
- 3 Melt, melt, my Heart into a Flood
Of pious Grief, and holy Shame;
Could I weep crimson Tears of Blood,
Far lov'lier was the bleeding Lamb.

A

4 Jesus,

- 4 JESUS, Thou Flower of Paradise,
Thy Love did ne'er its equal meet;
Teach me Thy Loveliness to prize,
Thou spotless Fair, thou heavenly Sweet.

- 5 With sweet Delight, oh! let me trace
The Wonders of Redeeming Love;
'Till I behold my Saviour's Face,
On *Sion's* happy Mount above.

H Y M N II.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour dy'd, oh wond'rous Grace!
He meekly suffer'd in my Place;
How shall I all his Goodness tell?
His Love is sure unspeakable.

- 2 My wand'ring Thoughts, where have you been?
Oh why have I so little seen
Into this lovely Mystery,
'That CHRIST for Love to me did die?

- 3 Rise, oh my Soul! with Heavenly Zeal,
And wing thy Flight to *Calvary's* Hill;
See there the dear expiring Lamb,
He bears my Burden and my Shame.

- 4 See how the Nails his Flesh did tear!
See how they pierc'd Him with a Spear!
Oh, wond'rous Love! it was for me
He bled to Death on yonder Tree.

- 5 " 'Tis finish'd," said His latest Breath,
And sunk among the Waves of Death :
He fought, and bled, and overcame ;
Salvation to the slaughter'd Lamb !
- 6 Here would my Thoughts with Pleasure stay,
Wond'ring 'till my expiring Day,
And mourn, as *Salem's* Daughters did
O'er a Redeemer, crucify'd !

H Y M N III.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 D E A R Saviour, what amazing Love
Was that which brought Thee from above ;
To suffer in this Vale of Tears,
For three and thirty mournful Years ?
- 2 Sweet Jesus, when thy Death I view,
The ancient Wonders ever New ;
This doth my sinking Spirits raise,
And fills my thankful Heart with Praise.
- 3 Oh ! who, that casts a wishful Eye,
To see the Lamb on *Calv'ry* die,
Can ever of His Goodness doubt,
Or fear that He will cast them out.
- 4 There let my Thoughts with Wonder stay,
'Till all my Grievs are wip'd away ;
Nor may I ever grieve him more,
Nor e'er distrust His Mercy's Power.

- 5 Thus while I sing His Bleeding Love,
My unbelieving Fears remove :
Oh ! may this sweet delightful Song,
For ever dwell upon my Tongue.
- 6 Help me, dear Saviour ; tune my Heart,
And in Thy Praise, I'll bear my part ;
Until I see Thy Face above,
Then shall I better sing Thy Love.

H Y M N IV.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the loving Son of God
Stretch'd out and nail'd unto the Tree !
How freely He pour'd out His Blood
For such poor worthless Worms as we !
- 2 What Love and Pity mov'd His Heart,
That He would leave that glorious Place ;
And suffer so much Pain and Smart,
To save a sinking, dying Race ?
- 3 O boundless Love ! O matchless Grace !
Who, who can fathom th' unfathom'd Deep ;
While Angels at this Mystery gaze,
Let fav'rite Worms admire and weep.
- 4 O tell it out to Sinners, tell ;
Loudly His Sovereign Grace proclaim ;
Who dy'd to save our Souls from Hell,
Salvation to the bleeding Lamb.

H Y M N S.

H Y M N V.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 C O M E help me all ye Saints below,
Loud let us raise our lofty Songs;
Before His Throne with Angels bow,
And shout His Praise with chearful Tongues.
- 2 Glory to Thee, dear Lamb of God,
That left the shining Realms Above,
To wallow thro' a Sea of Blood:
O boundless Strength of dying Love!
- 3 The Prince of LIFE came skipping o'er
Mountains of Sin, and Hills of Grief;
The Monsters did against him roar,
Yet march'd he on to our Relief.
- 4 In vain the Prince of Darknes fought,
When Jesus on Mount *Calv'ry* stood;
Then forth our captive Souls he brought,
Cloath'd with a Vesture, dipp'd in Blood.
- 5 The Bleeding Lamb, the Woman's Seed,
Cry'd out, "'Tis finish'd," when he dy'd;
Then He had bruise'd the Serpent's Head,
And all the Bands of Death unty'd.
- 6 See how the Jaws of Death were broke,
When Jesus did from thence arise;
He gave its Gates a fatal Stroke,
And flew with Triumph thro' the Skies.

- 7 There Jesus our Fore-runner sits
 With awful Splendor on His Throne :
 While Saints and Angels round Him wait,
 And shout His Praise, with Joys unknown,
- 8 His loud Hosannahs we will sing
 With the celestial Choir's above ;
 'Till this wide World with Echo's ring,
 Of Jesus and His dying Love.
- 9 Glory to Thee, O Lamb of God !
 Thy lovely Name we'll still adore :
 We'll sing of Thy Redeeming Blood,
 'Till Time with us shall be no more.
- 10 And when He brings us Strangers home,
 Unto our Father's House above :
 Our Songs in that bright World to come,
 Shall be of Jesus and His Love.

H Y M N VI.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, my Soul, th' incarnate God,
 Whose Flesh the Nails did tear :
 My Sins have spilt my Saviour's Blood,
 And pierc'd him with a Spear.
- 2 Oh ! what did my Redeemer move,
 To leave his Father's Breast ?
 Sure Pity drew him from above,
 And would not let Him rest.

H Y M N S.

- 3 My Thoughts with awful Wonder rise,
To see Him on the Tree :
And I am lost in sweet Surprise,
To think, He dy'd for me.
- 4 O boundless Love ! how shall I Praise ?
How shall I love Him more ?
With *Gabriel's* Songs my Voice I'll raise,
My Jesus to adore.

H Y M N VII

A N O T H E R.

- 1 JESUS, my God of Love !
Thy Praise shall fill my Tongue ;
Help me ye Hosts above
To raise my joyful Song.
Him we'll adore, whom men with Scorns,
Did spit upon, and Crown with Thorns.
- 3 When Jesus Fought and Bled,
The Devil's Kingdom fell ;
His Voice, 'Tis finished,
Shook all the Powers of Hell :
Come all ye Saints and sing with me,
To Him who dy'd on yonder Tree.

3 Methinks I see what Crowds
Of Worms, stood gazing round ;
What Sackcloths garb'd the Clouds ;
What Earthquakes clave the Ground :
Surprized stood the Hosts above,
Well may we sing His wond'rous Love !

4 Jesus, when I survey,
And trace Thy Footsteps o'er,
I'd give my Life away,
To know, and love Thee more :
My Bleeding Lamb I'll still adore,
Till Heaven and Earth shall be no more.

5 But, oh ! how shall I show
That Depth of Love divine !
Which made my Saviour bow
His Head, and ne'er Repine ;
Sure Love like this, was never known ?
Before His Throne I'll cast my Crown.

6 I'll cast my Crown, and sing,
And never cease to Praise,
My Saviour and my King,
And Tunes of Pleasure raise ;
This, this, my joyful Work shall be,
Thro' Time, and long Eternity.

H Y M N VIII.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Lamb immaculate,
 With Thoughts of Love, and Tendernefs,
 He came and left Heav'n's glorious State,
 Into this howling Wildernefs:
 He could not rest in Heav'n, and fee
 Us doom'd to endless Mifery.
- 2 While wand'ring thro' this Vale of Tears,
 He mourned like a Turtle Dove;
 He fpent his Three and Thirty Years
 In Sorrow, and then dy'd for Love:
 For Love to Sinners, fuch as me.—
 Sure this was Love beyond Degree.
- 3 Why, O my kind Redeemer, why,
 Why didft Thou love my Soul fo well?
 'That thou would'ft Bleed, and Groan, and Die,
 To fave my Soul from gaping Hell:
 This is the dazzling Myftery,
 At which I'll gaze Eternally.
- 4 Hither ye weary, wand'ring Souls;
 Who long for cooling Streams of Blifs;
 No *Siloam* or *Bethesda's* Pools,
 Are like the Streams of Paradife:
 In our fweet Saviour's wounded Side,
 A precious Fountain's open'd wide,

5 JESUS,

- 5 JESUS, Thou bleeding Prince of Love!
 Our longing Souls to Thee draw near;
 If now o'er us, Thy Bowels move,
 Our fainting Souls with Cordials cheer:
 With Shouts of Praise we'll then proclaim,
 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lamb.

H Y M N IX.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 O NCE slaughter'd, now exalted, Lamb,
 Thy Love shall be my constant Theme,
 Nor shall I weary grow;
 Long as eternal Ages roll,
 With Pleasure my admiring Soul
 Before thy Throne shall bow.

- 2 Thy Charms have now my Soul o'ercome,
 I've found the Heavenly Stranger Room
 In my admiring Breast:
 Oh! Thou that liv'd and dy'd for me,
 Come in, and to Eternity
 Make my poor Heart thy Rest.

- 4 Let me each Moment taste Thy Love,
 Thy heavenly Drawings from Above,
 To set my Heart on Flame:
 Then shall I all Day long proclaim
 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 That lovely charming Name.

- 4 Thus would I love, and sing, and gaze,
 And spend the Remnant of my Days
 In such divine Employ :
 And when with *Salem's* Choirs I sing,
 We'll make the golden Streets to ring
 With Notes of boundless Joy.

H Y M N X.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **O** H ! if I had ten Thousand Tongues,
 They all should mingle in sweet Songs
 To Thee, dear slaughter'd Lamb ;
 Since Thou with Pity in thy Heart,
 So freely bore my Pain and Smart,
 I'll sing Thy deathless Fame.

- 2 Oh ! how amazing was thy Love,
 That Thou wouldst leave thy Throne above,
 To save a dying Race !
 Dear Jesus we would praise thy Name,
 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 We'll sing thy Sov'reign Grace.

- 3 Oh ! that in sweet angelic Songs,
 We could employ our joyful Tongues,
 And never, never tire !
 Come, Lord, and make thy Goodness known,
 Unveil thy Face, without a Frown,
 To raise our Joys the higher.

4 Yes, we will praise Thee, lovely Lamb,
 We will extol Thy worthy Name,
 For Thou didst take our Part :
 When plung'd in helpless Misery,
 None pity'd our sad Case but Thee ;
 We'll sing thy bleeding Heart.

5 JESUS, our gladsome Hearts rejoice !
 We shout thy Praise with chearful Voice,
 Thou wounded Lamb of God :
 Eternal Glory be to Thee,
 Who bled and dy'd on yonder Tree,
 And bought us with thy Blood.

6 Ye frozen Hearts, come melt to see
 What he endur'd for you and me ;
 Come leave your Toys, and view,
 And gaze upon that pit'ous Sight,
 And surely you, with all your Might,
 Will love and praise Him too.

H Y M N XI.

Desiring Communion with G O D.

1 **O** H ! THAT I could but love my God !
 Oh ! that His Love was shed abroad
 In this poor stony Heart of mine,
 To change and make me all Divine.

2 Oh ! that my Heart were all on Flame
 Of Love to Thee, thou lovely Lamb !
 How should I then chant forth thy Praise,
 And sing like Saints in ancient Days ?

- 3 My thirsty Soul doth long for Thee,
Hide not thy lovely Face from me?
Come, Thou desire of Nations, come
And make my waiting Heart thy Home.
- 4 What mean these breathings after Thee?
Didst Thou not form them first in me?
And shall I seek, but never find?
And will my Saviour prove unkind?
- 5 No, Lord, I'll not dispute thy Grace,
Which pities *Adam's* helpless Race:
Nor will I cast thy Word behind,
For every one that seeks shall find.
- 6 Now Lord, I wait to feel thy Grace,
To see the smilings of thy Face;
To hear thy pard'ning Voice, that I
May sweetly A B B A F A T H E R cry.
- 7 Now Lord, the Earnest let me prove
Of those Eternal Joys above:
And I with Heaven's triumphant Throng,
Will bear thy Praise upon my Tongue.

H Y M N XII.

A N O T H E R.

F A I N would I love my bleeding Lamb,
Fain would I lose this Heart of Stone,
Jesus for Thee distress'd I am,
Hear my unutterable Groan;
Haste my Beloved from above,
Fill me with all the Powers of Love.

2 Sweet

- 2 Sweet Jesus, how Thou lovedst me!
 When Thou was nail'd to yonder Wood;
 With restless Cries, I fly to Thee,
 Fain would I share with Thee my God:
 Hasten my dear Sav'our from above,
 And fill my Soul with Heav'nly Love.
- 3 Thou know'st, my God, I cannot rest,
 No, Lord, I will not let Thee go,
 'Till of Thy Love I more than taste,
 Until I feel my Heart o'erflow:
 Hasten my Beloved from above,
 And fill my Soul with Heav'nly Love.
- 4 Lord, at Thy Call the Wond'ers come;
 Dear Saviour canst Thou see me die?
 Here at Thy Feet shall be my Home,
 And if I perish, here I'll lie:
 But come dear Saviour from above,
 Shew me some Tokens of thy Love.
- 5 Come, my Beloved, hasten away,
 Come fill the Hung'rings Thou hast given;
 Mark what my longing Soul would say,
 And give me, Lord, the inward Heav'n:
 Hasten, my Beloved, from above,
 Fill me with all the Powers of Love.

H Y M N XIII,

Praise to GOD.

- 1 **A**WAKE my Heart, awake my Tongue,
 And burst into an holy Song:
 His Praise I'll sing in lofty Strains,
 Who dwells above the starry Plains.

2 I will

- 2 I will extol thy Sov'reign Name,
Thou Maker of my wond'rous Frame;
Nor shall my Tongue forget to tell,
That Love that ransom'd me from Hell.
- 3 Come let us all chant forth his Love,
Ye Saints below, and Saints above;
To *Gabriel's* Harp we'll loudly sing,
'Till Heav'ns resounding Mansions ring.
- 4 Help us, ye Angels, sound abroad,
In thund'ring Notes, the Power of God:
But we your softer Lays exceed,
Since He to Death for us did bleed.
- 5 Ye Captives bound in Chains arise,
His Mercy reigns thro' Earth and Skies;
Come forth and join the ransom'd Throng,
And bear His Praise upon your Tongue.
- 6 Praise Him, my Soul, my joyful Powers,
Praise Him, 'till my expiring Hours;
And when among the Tombs I lie,
My Soul shall sing above the Sky.
- 7 Come, the Redemption Morn, how long?
Oh! then I'll join the Heaven-born Throng:
His Love in Anthems we'll extol,
Long as eternal Ages roll.

H Y M N XIV.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **A**NCIENT of Days, Thou great I AM,
Through all Eternity the same,
Thy boundless Glories far surpass
The whole Creation's Thoughts and Praise.

- 2 All Worship is thy native Right,
Parent of Life, and all Delight,
With Hearts, and Songs, and Awe profound,
To whole Creation's utmost Bound.
- 3 While glowing Seraphs praise thy Name,
We, from beneath, would catch their Flame;
With them our Hearts and Voices raise,
In sweet harmonious Songs of Praise.
- 4 We sing the Glories of thy Power,
Thy Wisdom's Depths, our Souls adore;
With reverent Joy our Songs confess
Thy Justice, Truth, and Righteousness.
- 5 Thy smiling Mercy, Love, and Grace,
Our sweetest Joys, and Songs shall raise,
Thy teeming Goodness' boundless Store
We'll sing, till Time shall be no more.
- 6 We bow before Thee, Great Unknown,
And join with Angels round thy Throne,
In one harmonious joyful Song,
While endless Ages roll along.

H Y M N X V.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the everlasting Hills,
What Music all the Region fills?
Their Joys, their Shouts, their Melody,
Through all the Land of Pleasure fly.

2 Millions

- 2 Millions of Millions, fill'd with Joy,
Their Hearts, and Tongues, and Harps, employ
In Songs surpassing ours, as far
As Noon-day Sun a twinkling Star.
- 3 They circle round the dazzling Throne,
And sing to HIM that sits thereon,
And to the Lamb once slain, they raise
Redemption-Songs, and sweetest Praise.
- 4 Rise, rise, our Souls, inspir'd with Love,
And join the raptur'd Hosts above
In Songs of sweetest Harmony,
Thro' Time and long Eternity.
- 5 We'll magnify thee, O our God,
Who hast redeem'd our Souls with Blood;
Thee, Great Emmanuel, we sing,
Who did to us Salvation bring.
- 6 The Work is thine and not our own,
Our praises wait thy Head to crown;
On Earth, and in the World above,
We'll sing thine everlasting Love.

H Y M N XVI.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise th' eternal God?
I sink beneath the pond'rous Load;
I want a Cherub's Voice and Tongue,
And Wings of Love to bear my Song.

- 2 I'm struggling with my native Clay,
And wish for Wings to fly away,
As Larks toward the upper Sky,
And bear my Songs and praises high.
- 3 O for some burning Coals of Love,
Sent from the Altar-Fire above,
To kindle all our Hearts and Tongues,
To flaming joys and heav'nly Songs.
- 4 We'll praise thy great and dreadful Name,
Thine everlasting Love proclaim;
And humbly worship at thy Feet,
Where Majesty and Mercy meet.
- 5 Salvation, and an endless Song,
Unto thy glorious Name belong;
We'll sound abroad thy worthy Fame,
And sing the Glories of the Lamb.
- 6 Worthy art thou who dy'd for us,
And gain'd Redemption on thy Cross,
Worthy to reign, while round thy Feet
Our loudest Hallelujahs meet.

H Y M N XVII.

Ephesians iv. 30.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
Thine inward pow'r to save;
And to thy Hands we give our Souls,
The Work with Thee we leave.

2 Great

- 2 Great Comforter we cry to Thee,
 Promise of Jesus come,
 And make our willing waiting Hearts,
 Thine everlasting Home.
- 3 O let us prove thy saving Pow'r,
 Thy precious Fruits bestow;
 Seal us thine own, and make us bear
 Thine Image here below.
- 4 Seal us to that Redemption-Day,
 When Christ our Lord shall come,
 To call us from our dusty Beds,
 And take us with Him home.
- 5 Nor let us ever grieve Thee more,
 Thou heav'nly peaceful Dove;
 O that our Hearts, and Words, and Lives,
 Were all transform'd to Love.
- 6 Give us to read thy Witness clear,
 And taste thy Comforts strong;
 In Life and Death, then, far above,
 Mix with the ransom'd Throng.

H Y M N XVIII.

Jer. xxiii, 6. Imputed Righteousness.

- 1 **T**HY glorious Name, Emmanuel,
 Great Prince of Princes we confess,
 Our joyful Notes shall sound abroad
 Thine everlasting Righteousness.

- 2 Innocence and Obedience too,
 With Death beyond all Thought severe ;
 By Justice justify'd, all meet,
 And shine in Thee amazing clear.
- 3 Thy ev'ry Thought, and Word, and Deed,
 All pure as spotless Holiness ;
 Thy Suff'rings all the Hell drank in
 Of all the Saints,—surprizing Grace !
- 4 O glorious Righteousness of God !
 A Robe so rich and fair as this,
 Immortal Eyes have never seen !
 We sing the Lord our Righteousness.
- 5 This marriage Robe outshines the Sun,
 'Tis brighter far than Angel's-Dress ;
 It wakes our Hearts to lofty Songs
 To Thee, O Lord, our Righteousness.
- 6 We praise Thee now, and hope to stand
 In this white Robe before the Throne,
 Eternal Praises there to Sing,
 With Tunes and Voices yet unknown.

H Y M N XIX.

An Hymn of Praise for the Blood of Christ.

- 1 **H**E Dies, the Lord of Glory dies,
 Our Sin-attaining Sacrifice ;
 What shall we render to our God,
 Who has redeem'd us by his Blood.

2 His

- 3 His Blood, worth more than Worlds, he paid,
Our Ransome Price from Death's dark Shade;
Our Souls exult, and sing aloud
Of precious, healing, cleansing Blood.
- 3 Unnumber'd crimson Sins wash'd white,
Whiter than Snow in his pure Sight;
In which the Heavens are not clean,
O Myst'ry deep, and sweet to Man!
- 4 We're lost in Wonder, Love, and Joy,
And all our Powers we glad employ,
In highest Praise to Thee, our God,
For Thine invaluable Blood.
- 5 With the redeem'd unnumber'd Throng,
Around thy Throne, we join our Song;
Salvation and immortal Fame
Belongs to God and to the Lamb.
- 6 We sing for Joy, and hope to stand
In long white Robes at thy Right-Hand;
And help to sing in loudest Strain,
Worthy the Lamb that has been slain.

H Y M N XX.

John xi, 35. Jesus Wept.

- 1 SEE the dear weeping Jesus go
With melting Heart, and streaming Eyes;
He weeps and walks, as Mourners do,
To see the Grave where Lazarus lies.

2 What

- 2 What tender Sympathy he felt,
With Siffer-Mourners o'er the Dead;
Pity his tender Heart did melt,
Compassionate as when He bled.
- 3 Thus our great High-Priest still is kind
To all His weeping Followers here;
Their Sorrows touch his humane Mind;
He bottles up each falling Tear.
- 4 O lovely pattern, Friend indeed!
When shall our Souls thy Image prove;
That we may kindly weep and bleed,
And be dissolv'd to tender Love.
- 5 O take away our Hearts of Stone,
Root all unfriendly Tempers out;
Give Hearts of Flesh to every one,
Let Softness sit on every Thought.
- 6 Thus we in Friendship, Truth, and Love,
Conform'd to Christ, shall live and die;
Then find our happy Friends above,
Where Tears are wip'd from every Eye.

H Y M N XXI.

Sol. Song, ii, 1. I am the Rose of Sharon.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus speaks how sweet the Sound,
I am the Rose of Sharon's Ground;
The glories of the Rose shall show
My Excellence to Men below.

2 And

- 2 And is my Saviour Sharon's Rose?
 Fairest of all the Flow'rs that blow;
 His Beauties and his Fragrancy,
 I in this queen of Flowers see.
- 3 Here wou'd I make a pleasing stay,
 And pass my joyful Hours away;
 Charm'd with his Beauties, which surpass
 The blushing Rose's fairest Dress.
- 4 O for an Unction from above,
 To clear my Sight, and fire my Love;
 Then shall I feast my hungry Eyes,
 On Christ the Flow'r of Paradise.
- 5 His boundless Glories shall employ
 My Head, my Heart, my Tongue, my Joy;
 And Songs a-kin to Heav'n I'll raise,
 And rival Angels in his Praise.
- 6 Here, and in Heav'n, my Heart and Tongue,
 Shall mingle with the happy Throng;
 The Rose of Sharon still shall be
 Our Song throughout Eternity.

H Y M N XXII.

Sol. Song, ii, 1. The Lily of the Vallies.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour borrows Names from Flow'rs,
 To teach his Love's triumphant Powers;
 The Lily of the Vallies He,
 Before whom Angels bow the Knee.

2 The

- 2 The Lily in her milky Dress,
Displays his spotless Righteousness;
Her golden Seeds His fulness tell,
Her sweet Perfumes, His fragrant smell.
- 3 She's tall, but gently bows her Head,—
So He was number'd with the Dead;
But all that Flow'rs, or Angels boast,
Are in our great Emmanuel lost.
- 4 Fair Lily, in the Heav'ns above,
Thou art our Saviour and our Love;
Thy Glory and thy Sweetness yield,
Eternal Joys thro' heav'nly Fields.
- 5 Teach us blind Mortals here below,
Triumphant Lamb thy Name to know;
Thy Name as Ointment poured forth,
Will fill our Hearts with love and mirth.
- 6 Thus tun'd to sing thy highest Praise,
In highest Worlds to endless Days;
We will 'till Heav'ns high Arches ring,
The Lily of the Vallies sing.

H Y M N XXIII.

1. *Pet. ii. 8. Whom having not seen. ye Love.*

- 1 **I** Want to love my Sav'our God,
Who lov'd and bought me with his Blood;
When shall I feel the stone remove,
And all my Soul ov'rflow with Love.

2 Come,

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost and shed abroad
Thro' all my Heart the Love of God;
To Thee let all my pow'rs unite,
And find Thee my supreme Delight.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand Loves like mine,
Are infinitely short of Thine;
Blow up my Spark into a Flame
Of Love to Thee, dear lovely Lamb.
- 4 Without Love all my Pow'rs are lost,
And worse, they grovel in the Dust;
Come lend thy Wings celestial Dove,
Raife and enflame them all with Love.
- 5 To love my Lord, be all my Bliss,
My Antipast of Heav'n be this;
With humble, holy, growing Flame,
To love and praise thy charming Name.
- 6 Prepare my Soul by heav'nly Love,
For the sweet World and Work above;
The prince of Love I there shall see,
And love and praise Eternally.

H Y M N XXIV.

On Isa. xxxv, 1, 2.

- 1 **M**AN (once like Eden, where he liv'd,)
Is now a frightful WilderNESS;
A fruitless Savage, howling wild,
A Desert solitary Place.

D

2 Remember

- 2 Remember, Lord, thine ancient Word,
And pour thy conqu'ring Grace abroad ;
Transform this horrid Wilderness
Into the Garden of the Lord.
- 3 Come, Lord, and fill this barren Earth
With smiling Blossoms all around ;
Beauty and Fruit, Gladness and Mirth,
Shall make it like old Eden's Ground.
- 4 Eternal Comforter, come down,
Thy wonder-working Arm make bare ;
To thousands make thy Gospel known,
And bring the wand'ring Strangers near.
- 5 For this we raise our Cries to Thee,
Lord hearken to our earnest Pray'r ;
That joyful Day O let us see,
And in the Consolation share.

H Y M N XXV.

1 *Thes. iv, 14. Jesus Died, and Rose again.*

- 1 **J**ESUS Dies!—boundless Mystery !
I'm struck with Awe, and Wonder sweet ;
The Stars he hangs in yonder Sky,
Are but the Dust beneath his Feet.
Who spread yon azure Heav'ns abroad,
Expires in Agonies and Blood.
- 2 He form'd the Sun, and gave him Light,
The Angels too, of brighter Flame :
But both are Darkness in his Sight ;
The Light of Heaven is the Lamb.
He Dies ; the Sun doth veil his Face :
To see his Maker on the Cross.

- 3 In midnight Weeds the noonday Sun,
Tells me to hide my blushing Face :
He bleeds for Sins that I had done,
He bears my Sins, and foul Disgrace.
I blush to look, and more to hide
My Face from Him, who for me dy'd
- 4 My Sin the mourning Skies reprove,
The groaning Orbs bid me repent ;
The pond'rous Earth did trembling move,
The Temple's Vail and Rocks were rent.
Conquer me, O eternal Love !
Nought else my marble Heart can move.
- 5 Amaz'd I see how vile I am !
While Rocks more yielding me reprove ;
Now let me bow with lowly Shame,
Before the bleeding Prince of Love ;
Behold Him on his Cross and Throne,
And sing the Wonders He has done.

P A U S E I.

- 6 Jesus Dies, oh ! that my thin Veins
Could weep forth crimson Tears of Blood ;
He bled with agonizing Pains
When He alone the Wine Press trod.
Look, oh my Soul ! to *Calv'ry's* Brow,
And let my Heart and Eyes o'erflow.
- 7 The Father gives his Darling up,
More lov'd than Isaac e'er cou'd be ;
For us, to drink the bitter Cup,
And bleed his Life out on the Tree :
The Father points His glitt'ring Dart,
And thrusts it through His guiltless Heart.
- D 2
- 8 See,

8 See, oh my Soul! they lead Him forth;
 Bruis'd and faint He bears his Cross;
 His dying Cries they make their Mirth;
 He sinks beneath my heavy Woes:
 Jesus Dies! oh! lament my Soul,
 He's pain'd and bleeds to make thee whole.

9 He thirsts, his Friends are fled away,
 His Foes no drop of Water give;
 The Sun forbids one chearful Ray;
 His Father leaves Him thus to grieve.
 Three darksome Hours He silent hangs,
 In Conflicts, Agonies, and Pangs.

10 Oh! whither, whither shall I go?
 Where shall I find some shady Grove?
 In Woods let me walk to and fro,
 In silent Desarts let me rove.
 There let mine Eyes like Fountains flow,
 With Tears of Love and Sorrow too.

P A U S E II.

11 When Joshua pray'd the Sun stood still,
 That *Isra'l's* Hosts their Swords might wield;
 But midnight Weeds his Light did veil,
 When *Isra'l's* God was on the Field:
 The Sun goes down at noon, while He
 Doth make the prince of Darkness flee.

12 All's dark and silent, there He hangs,
 His thoughts and streaming Blood do roll;
 With mournful Joy He feels his Pangs;
 And sees the Travail of his Soul:
 Thoughts cannot reach, nor Angels see
 His agonizing Love to me.

13 Thus,

13 Thus, in the greatness of his Strength
 He travels, and the Vict'ries gain;
 He conquer'd Death's proud king at length,
 While crimson Drops his Garments stain.
 Hosannah to the bleeding Lamb,
 Captives redeem'd shall shout thy Fame.

14 Rise, shine my Soul, thy Light is come,
 Thy prison doors are thrown wide ope;
 Why should my ransom'd Tongue be dumb?
 Why should I still in Darkness grope?
 Jesus in Darkness bled for me,
 That I his heav'nly Light might see.

15 Each Pang, each Wound, and drop of Blood,
 In pow'rful Language plead for me;
 Forsook, He cries, my God! my God!
 That I might ne'er forsaken be.
 'Tis finish'd, cry'd th' expiring Lamb;
 The ransom'd Church shall shout thy Fame.

P A U S E III.

16 He Dies for Love, oh! this can warm,
 Can melt my adamant Heart;
 This does my Soul's affections charm,
 His Love wounds like some winged Dart.
 Tho' icy Chains my Soul did bind,
 Love makes it flow, no more confin'd.

17 He Lives, who dy'd, oh! this can spread
 Triumphant pleasure thro' my frame;
 He springs out of the gloomy shade,
 And tells me I shall live with Him.
 I cast away my needless Fears;
 Love flames, and Joy wipes off my Tears.

18 Dear

18 Dear Lord ! Death's vanquish'd, Thou art gone
 From Earth, with Shouts and Trumpet's Voice ;
 In circling Clouds, to God's high Throne,
 To see thee God and Saints rejoice :
 Clouds are thy Chariot, Angels wait
 With Joy t' attend Thee to thy Seat,

19 Like *Victors* that in triumph ride,
 Thou to thy *Palace* didst repair ;
 The everlasting Doors thrown wide,
 The *King* of Glory enters there ;
 Hell groans ; Heav'n's Arches ring again,
 He lives and reigns that has been slain,

20 Break silence, oh ! ye drooping Saints,
 Hark how they sing ! while you complain,
 The Music jars with your Complaints :
 Come lend your Ear to th' heav'nly Strain,
 'Twill charm your gloomy Griefs to rest,
 And fill with flow'ry Joy your Breast.

P A U S E IV.

21 Strange ! how his Glory shines abroad,
 And Hosts of Angels bend the Knee
 Before Him, who in Show'rs of Blood
 Pour'd out his Life, for Worms like me :
 But now He lives, and bleeds no more,
 Where Storms, and Clouds are all blown o'er.

22 Thy Vict'ries, dear triumphant Lamb,
 Thy Church with joyful Tongues shall sing,
 Shall shout thy Praise, and spread thy Fame,
 Till Heav'n and Earth with Triumphs ring.
 Come, ye that mourn for Sin and say,
 Shou'd you not wipe your Tears away ?

23 He

23 He Lives, who bled to Death for you,
 Forget your Fears, tune all your Pow'rs;
 Let bursting Songs for ever flow
 From those lamenting Tongues of yours.
 All your Complaints can only prove
 You are the Objects of his Love.

24 Awake, and sing, lest Stones cry out,
 And shame your Silence with their Songs;
 See how your wasting Moments float,
 While Silence binds your useless Tongues;
 And say can all your Grievs atone
 For one Offence, that you have done?

25 Come, deck your Souls, in Virgin Dress,
 Taste of his Love, more sweet than Wine;
 Bow low, and thank Him for his Grace,
 And drink the flowing Pleasure in.
 JESUS, I wipe away my Tears,
 And join my Soul, and Songs with theirs.

H Y M N XXVI.

An Hymn for a Mourner.

1 **O** That I could but look by Faith
 On every Word Jehovah saith!
 Sure this would be a sweet Relief
 From sinking Fears, and Unbelief.

2 And why should I not trust his Grace,
 Who pities Adam's helpless Race;
 The Strength of Israel will not lie,
 He will not pass a Mourner by.

3 Truth

- 3 Truth more unshaken than the Hills;
Still with the Lord Jehovah dwells;
And tend'rer than the Mother's Tears,
His Love doth reign thro' countless Years.
- 4 Why then my Soul, these sad Complaints,
My God can well supply my Wants;
Why did this Monster Unbelief
Fill my unwary Heart with Grief.
- 5 There, in our dear Emmanuel's Face,
Shines forth unbounded glorious Grace,
And tend'rest Bowels melting o'er
A Sinner, empty, helpless, poor.
- 6 Jesus, encourag'd by thy Charms,
I haste, I fly into thine Arms;
There let me lose my pond'rous Load,
Nor ever more distrust my God.

H Y M N XXVII.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **O** That I could but now lay hold
By faith, on Christ my Lord!
O that I now divinely bold,
Could venture on his Word!
- 2 What ails this tim'rous Heart of mine?
This Heart of Unbelief:
If I can all to Him resign,
Why walk I thus in Grief?

3 Arise

- 3 Arise my Soul, no longer stay
Ling'ring, in sad suspense;
Jehovah calls thee, haste away;
Ye Fears be banish'd hence.
- 4 By you I've been detain'd too long
From my Redeemer's Blood:
Dear Sav'our loose my flaming Tongue,
To cry, my Lord and God.
- 5 See Lord, and take a Mourner's part,
And help my Unbelief;
And chase from my desponding Heart,
Darkness, and Fears, and Grief.
- 6 Help me to trust, give me to know
The riches of thy Grace;
To light me through this Vale below,
Till I shall see thy Face.

H Y M N XXVIII.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **A** H! where shall a poor Wand'rer go?
Where hide me from a World of woe?
When Refuge fails on ev'ry side,
And God his lovely Face doth hide.
- 2 My earthly Comforts fade away,
Like Flow'rs cut down with with'ring Hay:
But when I look at slighted Grace,
This veils with guilty Shame my Face.

E

3 While

- 3 While thus I muse on all my Grief,
And look to God for some Relief,
I'm quite asham'd to ask for more
Blessings, so oft abus'd before.
- 4 But why my Soul, sunk down so low?
What though I've no where else to go,
And have on all his Mercies trod,
He still is a long-suff'ring God.
- 5 I'll go, and venture near his Throne,
He has received many a one;
And if I ne'er his Favour meet,
I can but perish at his Feet.
- 6 But O, my God! with Pity see,
An helpless Mourner cast on Thee:
Then in thy Praise I will out-vie
The ransom'd Throng above the Sky.

H Y M N XXIX.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **A** H! how perplext and dark am I,
How desolate I sit;
Lamenting o'er the Misery,
In this sad Vale I meet.
- 2 My Morning Days are fled away,
On Trouble's tossing Wave;
Nor will the fleeting Moments stay,
Which waft me to the Grave.

3 When

- 3 When in my Youth my op'ning Eyes
Survey'd the creature's Charms ;
I fondly grasp'd such Vanities
In my unwary Arms.
- 4 Nor did I e'er my Thoughts recal,
So fondly pleas'd was I,
Until the Wormwood and the Gall
Imbitter'd all my Joy.
- 5 I thank that kindly Hand, unseen,
Which with a painful Blow,
Despoileth my imagin'd Scene
Of Happiness below.
- 6 Now, dear Physician, make me whole,
Whose Hand has made me bleed ;
Nor ever more let my poor Soul
Seek Life among the Dead.
- 7 O Thou dear Sov'reign of my Heart,
Command my willing Breast,
And let poor *Mary's* better Part
Be mine eternal Rest.

H Y M N XXX.

An Hymn of Praise to GOD.

■ **A**NCIENT of Days, to Thee we bow,
And sound thy Praises high ;
Before thy Throne our Crowns we throw,
Like those above the Sky.

E 2

2 O for

- 2 O for some Coal of living Flame,
To touch our earth-born Tongues,
That we may sing thy glorious Name,
In more exalted Songs.
- 3 With *Gabri'l* and the shining Train;
That throng thy Courts above,
We'll praise the Lamb that has been slain,
And sing Jehovah's Love.
- 4 Jehovah's Love, oh, height of Grace!
And depth of Mystery!
That He wou'd pity *Adam's* Race,
And send his Son to die.
- 5 Strange Love! the Cause we ne'er can know,
The Reasons so sublime;
It puzzles Men and Angels too,
The painful Steep to climb.
- 6 Yet Love it is, and Love to us,
And here our Hopes gain ground;
We saw it in our Sav'our's Cross,
And ev'ry bleeding Wound.
- 7 And still in our *Emmann'l's* Face
We read unbounded Love;
We'll read it there through endless Days,
In yon bright World above.

H Y M N XXXI.

Psa. cxlv, 19.

- 1 **W**HO would not fear thy dreadful Name,
And seek thy smiling Face?
Thou sov'reign Builder of our Frame,
Thou Saviour of our Race.

2 Who

- 3 Who would not, O thou sacred Dove!
Desire, and cry to Thee?
For the sweet Streams of pard'ning Love,
Which cheers, and sets us free.
- 3 Awake, my Soul, from sluggish Ease,
My boundless Wishes go,
With Cries, incessant as my Days,
Where Streams of Pleasure flow.
- 4 Eternal Love, I lift my Eyes,
And gaze upon thy Charms;
And will my Jesus bow the Skies,
And dwell with mortal Worms?
- 5 Thy Promise tells us Thou wilt hear,
And our Desires fulfil;
We cast away our needless Fear,
And on the Promise dwell.
- 6 Teach us to know, help us to long
For these Enjoyments more;
Till we are rais'd to that glad Throng,
Whose Cries and Wants are o'er.

H Y M N XXXII.

1 John. iv, 16. *God is Love.*

- 1 O Lord, I know Thou canst not bear
To pass a Mourner by;
No, nor a Sigh, or falling Tear,
Shall e'er escape thine Eye.

2 My

H Y M N S.

- 2 My God's LOVE, that charming Name
Unto the Saints so dear;
Ye Mourners make it your sweet Theme,
'Twill chase away your Fear.
- 3 'Tis LOVE, who can unfold its Charms,
Or tell its Beauties o'er?
Oh, LOVE! I'll fall into thine Arms,
Nor e'er distrust Thee more.
- 4 No Lord, while thy dear Name is Love,
And I have Breath to pray,
No sad desponding Thoughts, shall move
My Heart from Thee away.
- 5 Dear Prince of Love, unfold to me,
The Myst'ries of the Name;
Thy Name through long Eternity,
Shall be my joyful Theme.
- 6 Then shall a thousand Glories more
Be open'd to my View,
Of Love, which I ne'er saw before,
Which Mortals never knew.

H Y M N XXXIII.

Eph. v, 2. Walk in Love.

- 1 COME, peaceful Dove, and with us stay,
And shed abroad thy Love;
Nor let us fall out by the Way
To our sweet Home above.
- 2 O may we walk with growing Strength,
In Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Till all shall meet in Heav'n at length,
To sing Jehovah's Praise.

3 Come

H Y M N S.

- 3 Come, peaceful Dove, grave on our Hearts,
The Law of Kindness deep;
Then shall our balmy Lips impart
Refreshment to thy Sheep.
- 4 What kind Designs to serve and please,
Will then our Hearts o'erflow;
To seek our Brethren's Joy and Ease
In this sad Vale of Woe.
- 5 We shall like *Ruth*, that pleasant Saint,
Our dear Companions love:
Shall walk with them, (nor ever faint)
To *Cana's* Land above.
- 6 There shall we see the Prince of Peace,
And with our Brethren stay,
In Anthems loud to praise his Grace,
A long eternal Day.

H Y M N XXXIV.

*John xiv, 18. I will not leave you Comfortless;
I will come to you.*

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, fulfil thy gracious Word,
Leave us not Comfortless;
We rest our Souls upon thee Lord,
And trust thy promis'd Grace.
- 2 Let us not trust that Grace in vain;
But Witness with our Hearts;
That Thou, who for our Sins wast slain,
Art now our *Better Part*.
- 3 Throughout this howling Wilderness,
And ev'ry darksome Gloom,
Lead us unto that wealthy Place,
The weary Pilgrim's Home.

H Y M N XXXV.

*Gen. xlix, xxiii, xxiv. The Archers have sorely
grieved him and shot at him, and hated him.
But his Bow abode in Strength, and the Arms
of his Hands were made Strong by the mighty
God of Jacob.*

- 1 **S**EE, mighty God, the Archers shoot,
They hit, and grieve my Soul full sore;
And while I seek, but find Thee not,
I faint in ev'ry trying Hour.
- 2 My Enemies their Swords do wave
Around my poor defenceless Head;
How should a Child of Weakness live
Such Onsets dash my Courage dead.
- 3 Display those out-stretch'd Hands of Thine,
The Hands of Jacob's mighty God;
Let little Joseph's Strength be mine,
By which he ev'ry Foe withstood.
- 4 Then shall my Bow abide in Strength,
Nor shall I fear what Hell can do;
My gasping Foes shall die at length,
And a bright Crown adorn my Brow.
- 5 Then, when my Foes are all o'ertome,
Gabriel's, or some kind Seraph's Wings,
Shall waft me to my wish'd for Home,
To rival Joseph, while he sings.
- 6 We'll cast our Crowns before the Lamb,
And sing with Notes most loud and sweet,
We'll say through Thee we overcame,
And worship at Jehovah's Feet.

H Y M N XXXVI.

Luke xix, 41. He beheld the City and wept over it.

- 1 **W**HY does the Man of Sorrows weep,
While all his Friends around Rejoice?
As He descends old *Salem's* Steep,
Tears swell his Eyes, untune his Voice.
- 2 What mixed Voices do I hear,
His Friends o'ercome with Joy do shout;
He weeps aloud; yet doth declare,
"Had they not sung Stones had cry'd out."
- 3 While they Rejoice, his Bowels roll,
With Pity o'er *Jerusalem*,
More kind than lovely *David's* Soul,
O'er his rebell'ous *Abshalom*.
- 4 He saw the Place He long had bless'd,
Where stood the Holy Temple, fair,
Which He had chosen for his Rest,
Whither the Tribes did oft Repair.
- 5 And thus He pours his flowing Woe,
Oh! that thou hadst but known, He cries,
Thy golden Day of Peace: but now,
'Tis hid for ever from thine Eyes.
- 6 May we, of Jesus learn to weep,
Weep for ourselves and Children too;
And may our God in Safety keep,
Both us and them from *Isr'el's* Woe.

H Y M N XXXVII.

For a Backslider.

- 1 **O** NCE I could say "my God is mine,"
What golden Days were they !
My Heart did then seem all Divine,
I lov'd to Praise and Pray.
- 2 How did I love my Saviour then,
How sweet his Service was ;
And while his Face did on me shine,
I join'd to bear his Cross.
- 3 Then stood my Mountain firm and strong,
And Sin I trampled o'er ;
Surely, said my unwary Tongue,
I shall be mov'd no more.
- 4 But oh ! what Changes have I seen,
Since those delightful Days :
My foolish Heart has wand'ring been
In Sin's unpleasant Ways.
- 5 What Woe and Griefs have fill'd my Soul,
Since I forsook my Guide ;
And still the Clouds which round me roll,
His lovely Face do hide.
- 6 Nor can I Love, or Pray, or Praise,
Or sweetly make my Moan ;
As once I could in ancient Days,
But now my Comfort's gone.
- 7 I mourn

- 7 I mourn, as doth a widow'd Dove,
And seek my God in vain;
Oh! my eternal God of Love,
Visit my Soul again.
- 8 Oh! take away this Heart of Stone,
This Unbelief remove?
And hearken to my feeble Moan,
And let me taste thy Love?
- 9 Once more let every filial Grace
Be graven on my Breast;
And lead me thro' this World's wide Maze,
To thine eternal Rest.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **W**ITH mournful Pleasure, I survey
The Comforts once I found in God;
But now I've wander'd from the Way,
In crooked Paths that are not good.
- 2 Oh! what a Mercy 'tis that I
Am out of Tophet's burning Lake;
Unto a gracious God can cry,
And plead for my Redeemer's Sake.
- 3 Once more, O Lord, I would draw near,
And own to Thee how vile I am;
But scarce dare lift my Voice in Prayer,
To Thee, because of Guilt and Shame.

- 4 Thanks to thy Name, oh! God of Love
That I am on this Side the Grave;
Thy Judgments did so slowly move,
Because Thou dost Delight to Save.
- 5 Lord, I confess my Sins, to Thee,
What a backsliding Wretch I am;
I mourn my Foolishness to see,
And at thy Feet sink down with Shame.
- 6 Here at thy Footstool will I lie,
Mourning for all my Foolishness;
Dear Saviour, with a pitying Eye
Look down, and view my fore Distress.
- 7 And if Thou still long-suff'ring art,
And waiting still thy Grace to show;
Heal the Disorders of my Heart,
And make it with thy Grace o'erflow.

H Y M N XXXIX.

Going to the House of GOD.

- 1 **O**H! how delightful 'tis to see
Great Numbers walk in Company,
And throng the Temple's Gate!
To see the Holy Tribes appear,
To see the pious Race draw near,
Upon the Lord to wait.
- 2 Blest are the Souls who find their Place
Among the Saints, the Sons of Grace;
Praise their glad Tongues employ:
Their God doth feed the hungry Poor
With Bread, and makes their Cups run o'er,
And fills their Hearts with Joy.
- 3 Among

- 3 Among them, Lord, I love t' appear,
And humbly worship in thy Fear,
And bow before thy Feet:
For in thy House, one Day has been
Better than Thousands, spent in Sin,
'Tis so divinely sweet.
- 4 'Tis sweet, tho' I unworthy be
'To meet among thy Saints and Thee,
Yet let me, tho' with Shame,
Presume to mingle my complaints
With the Distresses of thy Saints,
Thou dear long-suff'ring Lamb.
- 5 Now fill the hungry Souls with Food,
Now satisfy their Mouths with Good;
And grant a Crumb to me:
For this I'd say, if lost I were,
I lov'd the Place and People where
Thy Dwelling us'd to be.
- 6 But, oh, my God! blefs me also,
For with thy Saints I long to go,
Give me the meanest Place:
And here I'll wait and worship 'till
Below them all, on *Sion* Hill,
I bow before thy Face.

H Y M N XL.

For the LORD'S-DAY, in the Morning.

- 1 **T**HANKS to thy Name, O Lord, that we
One glorious Sabbath more behold;
Dear Shepherd, let us meet with Thee,
Among thy Sheep, in this thy Fold.

2 New,

- 2 Now, Lord, among thy Tribes appear,
And let thy Presence fill the Throng;
Thy awful Voice let Sinners hear,
And bid the feeble Heart be strong.
- 3 Gather the Lambs into thine Arm,
Them on thy Shoulders bear this Day;
And those with Young, defend from Harm,
And gently lead them lest they stray.
- 4 Put forth thy Shepherd's Crook, and stay
Thy wand'ring Sheep, and bring them back;
And bring the Wand'ers Home To-day,
And save them for thy Mercy's Sake.
- 5 Let every Soul before Thee here,
Thro' Thee the Door now enter in;
Find Pasture with our Saviour dear,
Sav'd from the Guilt and Power of Sin,
- 6 Dear tender-hearted Shepherd, look,
And let our Wants thy Bowels move;
And kindly lead thy little Flock,
To the sweet Pastures of thy Love.
- 7 There sweetly feed our hungry Souls,
In flow'ry Fields near the sweet Stream;
Where living Water gently rolls,
Towards the *New Jerusalem*.

H Y M N XLI.

C O M P L A I N T.

- 1 O H! were my Heart an Holy Flame
Of Love, to Thee dear slaughter'd Lamb,
How happy should I be!
How should I long to 'scape away
From Earth, and love the wish'd-for Day;
But 'tis not so with me. 2 Bencath

- 2 Beneath a pond'rous Load I groan,
And mourning o'er an Heart of Stone,
I spend my Days in Grief :
While Crosses come in countless Crowds,
And veil my Mind with darksome Clouds ;
Where shall I find Relief ?
- 3 I turn me to to the World, and see
That's e'en a sink of Misery,
I to Professors take :
There angry Parties clash and jar,
While Envy rages, Noise and War,
Wide Dissolutions make.
- 4 To here and there a mourning Sheep,
Who for themselves and *Sion* weep,
I tell my troubled Heart :
We mix our Sorrows both in one,
And to each other make our Moan,
But cannot ease our Smart.
- 5 Constrain'd at last, I cease from Man,
His Refuge fails, 'tis worse than vain,
To my poor troubled Breast :
Oh ! could I find my Saviour's Throne,
There I would all my Grief make known,
And He would give me Rest.
- 6 Come, heav'nly Dove, with thy kind Wings,
Bear me above these tiresome Things,
To CHRIST, my hiding Place :
There comfort me, yet more and more,
'Till stormy Blasts are all blown o'er,
And I shall see thy Face.

H Y M N XLII.

Upon DEATH.

1 **T**HAT awful Day, comes hasting on,
 When with resistless Blow;
 The monster Death will cut me down,
 And lay my Body low.

2 In the dark Caverns of the Earth,
 My mould'ring Flesh shall stay;
 'Till *Gabriel's* Trump shall call me forth,
 At that tremend'ous Day.

3 Dear Lord, prepare me by thy Grace,
 For that great Change by Death;
 And with a Smile upon my Face,
 Let me resign my Breath.

4 When Death's proud Billows round me roar,
 Sweet *Jesus* comfort me;
 And land me safe on *Sion's* Shore,
 And take me Home to Thee.

H Y M N XLIII.

And now LORD, what wait I for? my Hope is in Thee.

1 **M**Y God of Love, my dearest Friend,
 I've none in Heaven or Earth but Thee,
 To whom I may my Troubles vent,
 That can Relieve or Comfort me.

2 Truly

- 2 Truly this is a Vale of Tears,
While Time in dark and gloomy Hours,
Its sharpest fiercest Teeth prepares,
And soon our promis'd Joys devours.
- 3 My Morning Days like Flowers do fade,
While I in secret, often weep ;
Like Shadows o'er the Plain they're fled,
Or like a Dream in silent sleep
- 4 I often think if, like a Dove,
I had but Innocence and Wings ;
I'd fly and make a long Remove,
And screen me from these tiresome Things.
- 5 There I'd pour out my mournful Cries,
There I, to ease my troubled Breast,
Would breathe my Wishes thro' the Skies,
Nor would I give my Saviour Rest.
- 6 Dear Saviour draw my wand'ring Soul,
From this poor World's vain trifling Toys ;
Above, where living Fountains roll,
There let me bathe my purer Joys.
- 7 Come, my beloved, haste away,
Come skipping o'er the Hills to me ;
Mark what my longing Soul would say,
Come, for my Spirit longs for thee.
- 8 Draw me, dear Saviour, far above,
Bid all my Sins and Sorrows cease ;
Make known to me, thy pard'ning Love,
And fill my Soul with Joy and Peace.

- 9 Oh! take and lead me by the Hand,
And let me travel sweetly on;
'Till I am brought at last to stand
On *Sion's* Mount, before thy Throne.
- 10 There where my blessed *JESUS* reigns,
I'll spend a long Eternity;
And help to sing in joyful Strains,
Praise to the Lamb who once did die.
- 11 There shall all Tears be wip'd away,
And my poor wand'ring Soul find rest;
And Love in one immortal Ray,
Shall shine into my peaceful Breast.
- 12 Then can I ne'er love to excess,
But feed thereon, and fill my Mind,
And drink in Streams of heavenly Bliss,
Nor ever fear a Sting behind.

H Y M N LXIV.

A Complaint of wandering Thoughts.

- 1 **A**H! Lord, my careless wand'ring Heart,
How oft it doth from Thee depart,
And clog my winged Zeal!
Then I am like a silly Dove,
Heartless I scarce a Wish can move,
And Guilt doth on me steal.
- 2 Thus, while my Days fly o'er in haste,
The golden Moments slide to waste;
Nor can I gain a Sense
Of all these weighty 'Things impress'd,
Upon my dull, unactive Breast;
Or melt in Penitence.

3 Tho'

- 3 Tho' JESUS dy'd for Love, yet I
Can seldom raise a Thought so high,
Or view his woud'rous Love :
Dear Lord, the wand'ring Sinner see,
And sweetly draw me after Thee,
And make my Bowels move.
- 4 Help me in penitential Woe,
To mourn that I have griev'd Thee so,
And caus'd Thee to depart :
And lest my Mind again should rove,
Bind me with Cords of heavenly Love,
And seal me to thine Heart.
- 5 Oh ! make me all an Holy Flame
Of Love to Thee, thou lovely Lamb,
Be this my sweet Employ,
To taste the Streams of heavenly Love,
Which Saints and Angels drink above,
In that sweet World of Joy.
- 6 Help me, amidst ten thousand Snares,
While in this World of Grievs and Cares,
To keep my Mind above :
Whate'er I have to think or say,
To speak, or act, and wing my Way,
And get me to my Love.

H Y M N LXV.

Search me, O LORD.

- 1 **L**ORD, if in me one Sin doth live,
Which doth thy Holy Spirit grieve ;
O bid it now remove ?
Now make me willing from my Heart,
With every darling Sin to part,
That I may taste thy Love. ...

2 Tho'

- 2 Tho' I in Darkneſs wand'ring go,
 Yet my dear Lord doth all Things know,
 He knows this Heart of mine :
 Oh ! that one Ray of heav'nly Light,
 Might pierce the gloomy Shades of Night,
 And thro' my Darkneſs ſhine.
- 3 Dear Lord, the pitious Object ſee,
 In helpleſs Grief I mourn for Thee,
 Mourn that I cannot mourn ;
 Grieve that I cannot grieve aright,
 Nor love my God with all my Might,
 Nor watch for thy Return.
- 4 Great Prince of Love, thy Power impart,
 Remove this adamantine Heart,
 Diſſolve it into Love ;
 Then Fruits of Holineſs ſhall grow,
 I ſhall be dead to Things below,
 And ſeek the Things above.

H Y M N XLVI.

Repentance ariſing from the Sufferings of CHRIST.

- 1 **G**IVE me, O Lord, a melting Heart,
 That I may bear my filial Part,
 With all thy Sons of Grief :
 Fain would I weep my Life away,
 Nor ceaſe 'till my expiring Day,
 A Mourner all my Life.
- 2 Since for my Sins, the Lamb was ſlain,
 I put his righteous Soul to Pain,
 How can I e'er forget :
 For me, his Hands and Feet were torn,
 For me, He felt the piercing Thorn,
 For me the bloody Sweat.
- 3 For

3 For me He cry'd, on yonder Tree,
My God, why forsakest Thou me?
 He bow'd his Head and dy'd:
 For me He bore the Wrath divine,
 'Twas for these curst Sins of mine,
 My Love was crucify'd.

4 Oh! that I could with *Mary* fit
 For ever weeping at his Feet,
 Who bled to Death for me!
 In mingled Tears of Grief and Joy,
 I wou'd my Days on Earth employ,
 'Till I thy Face shall see.

H Y M N XLVII.

A Morning HYMN.

1 **T**HANKS to our God, He doth us keep,
 While we on Beds of Ease do sleep;
 Preserves us thro' the lonesome Night,
 And brings us to the Morning Light.

2 Thou, Lord our early Voice shalt hear,
 Our Voice of Praises and of Prayer:
 For Mercies pass'd, Thee we adore,
 And early seek thy Face for more.

3 Thanks to thy Name that Thou hast rais'd
 Us from our Beds, refresh'd and eas'd:
 Oh! bid our Souls awake and rise,
 Burst every Shade, mount thro' the Skies.

- 4 As we put on our Morning Drefs,
So clothe our Souls with Righteousness;
And cleanse us from the Filth of Sin,
As we with Water wash us clean.
- 5 Thanks to our God, who clothes and feeds,
And richly doth supply our Needs:
Oh! feed our Souls with heavenly Food,
And let us drink our Saviour's Blood.
- 6 Thanks to thy Name, O God of Might,
Whose Power restores the Morning Light:
Bright Son of Righteousness appear,
Our dark benighted Hearts to chear.
- 7 Arise, O Son of Righteousness,
Shine thro' our Soul's dark Wilderness:
Thy Light, and Heat, and quick'ning Powers,
Diffuse throughout these Hearts of ours.

H Y M N XLVIII.

An Evening HYMN.

- 1 **N**OW when I lay me down to sleep,
Vouchsafe dear Saviour me to keep,
From all impending Haims:
And whether I must sleep or die,
Put underneath as thou stand'st by,
Thine everlasting Arms.
- 2 And hold me up while here I stay,
And when Thou callest me away,
Upbear my Soul above;
And land me safe on Sion's Shore,
To praise the Lamb for evermore,
For all his dying Love.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLIX.

Zec. iv, 7.

- 1 **F**REE Grace to every Heav'n-born Soul,
Will be their constant Theme;
Long as eternal Ages roll,
They'll still adore the Lamb.
- 2 Free Grace, alone can wipe the Tears
From our lamenting Eyes,
Can raise our Souls from guilty Fears,
To Joy that never dies.
- 3 Free Grace, can Death itself out-brave,
And take its Sting away;
Can Souls unto the utmost save,
And them to Heaven convey.
- 4 Our Saviour, by Free Grace alone,
His Building shall complete;
With shouting bring forth the Head-Stone,
Crying, Grace, Grace to it.
- 5 May I be found a living Stone,
In *Salem's* Streets above;
And help to sing before the Throne,
Free Grace and dying Love.

H Y M N L.

Praise to the REDEEMER.

- 1 **M**Y kind Redeemer and my God,
What Favours hast Thou shewn to me;
That Thou hast by thy precious Blood,
Set my poor Soul at Liberty.
- 2 Long

- 2 Long have I wand' red to and fro,
To seek, but Rest I never knew ;
Just like the Dove sent out by *Noah*,
'Till unto CHRIST my Ark I flew.
- 3 But now I know there is a Rest,
Remains for the People of God :
I feel, I feel it in my Breast,
'Twas purchas'd with my Saviour's Blood.
- 4 Dear JESUS, at thy dying Love,
With sweet surprize, I stand, and gaze :
Help me ye joyful Hosts above,
To sing my kind Redeemer's Praise.
- 5 Glory to Thee, my bleeding Lamb,
At Thy dear Feet, I'll sing and bow ;
With boundless Joy, and Holy Shame,
Oh ! let my grateful Heart o'erflow.
- 6 My chearful Soul is on the Wing,
Soaring to seek the Things above :
And now I love to praise and sing,
And celebrate thy boundless Love.
- 7 Adoring thus, I'll stand and gaze
Into this dazzling Mystery :
Thus spend the Remnant of my Days,
Thus spend a long Eternity.
- 8 Come, oh ! my kind Redeemer, come,
And make me fit to mount above
To Heav'n, my everlasting Home,
To feast on pure unmingled Love.

H Y M N LI.

Isa. xlix. 13, 14, 15, 16.

- 1 **S**ING, oh ye Heav'ns! rejoice! oh ye
Who are redeemed from the Earth;
Break forth and catch the Melody,
Ye parched Mountains, void of Mirth.
- 2 For God hath comforted his Saints,
And will in Mercy bow his Ear;
And hear th' afflicted Souls complaints,
And every weary Mourner cheer.
- 3 But *Zion's* fainting Mourners said,
~~Surely~~ the LORD's forgotten me;
Ah, wo is me! I am afraid,
I'm shut out of his Memory.
- 4 But what inhuman Mother can
Her little sucking Babe forget?
Or can her harder Heart refrain
From Grief, to see it mourn and fret?
- 5 Or, if so barbarous, she might prove,
Unto the Fruit of all her pain;
Yet will not God forget his Love
To us, for whom the Lamb was slain.
- 6 O no, our dear redeeming Lord,
Will ne'er forget, his helpless Sheep:
For when with Nails his Hands were bor'd,
Their Names thereon were graven deep.

H

7 Dear

- 7 Dear Lord, is not my worthless Name,
Among Thy dear redeemed Ones?
Tho' I am nought but Sin and Shame,
Yet think upon thy dying Groans.
- 8 Why didst Thou bleed, and groan, and die?
If my poor Soul Thou didst not love;
And if Thou didst not pass me by,
Let me thy sweet Redemption prove.

H Y M N LII.

Weary World.

- 1 **A** H! what a weary World is this,
'Tis like some howling Wilderness,
All full of Grievs, and Woes, and Cares,
A sinful, mournful Vale of Tears.
- 2 Earth's promis'd Pleasure end in Pain,
Her empty Shows, and Sounds are vain;
Convinc'd at last, I more than find,
Her Joys can never fill my Mind.
- 3 Dear Saviour! whither shall I flee?
Or seek for Comfort, but in Thee:
If Thou disdain to ease my Woe,
Alas! I've no where else to go.
- 4 But Thou invitest Wand'ers home,
Ye heavy laden Sinners come;
Weary of all, to Thee I haste,
Oh! let me find thy promis'd Rest.

5 Now, let my weary wand'ring Mind,
Some lasting Consolation find ;
Now SAVIOUR, kindly let me prove
Thine everlasting Rest of Love.

6 Thy Love, will be a sweet Relief,
Here let me drown my Cares in Grief,
Let this my joyful Portion be,
'Till Thou dost take me Home to Thee.

H Y M N LIII.

2 Pet. i, xix.

1 **T**HE Lamb is my sweet Morning Star,
I late have 'spy'd his Light :
His Dawning I discern from far,
Among the Shades of Night,

2 Oh ! that the Clouds were roll'd away,
Which do my Soul benight !
That I more clearly might survey,
The Morning Star most bright.

3 Bright Son of Righteousness, arise,
In this dark Heart of mine ;
And let me with my favour'd Eyes,
Behold thy glories Shine,

4 Oh ! shine, shine brighter, brighter still,
Thou lovely Lamb in me ;
'Till Thou my Soul. with Glory fill,
Thro' long Eternity.

H Y M N LIV.

An HYMN for the Spring.

1 **O**NCE more the gloomy Winter's fled,
 Welcome returning Spring;
 Thy verdant Robe the Earth o'erspread,
 And Birds begin to sing.

2 Nature from Death, begins to rise,
 And spread its smiling Blooms;
 The beautiful Flowers salute our Eyes,
 And send forth sweet Perfumes.

3 And is my Soul laid freezing still
 Beneath Death's carnal Shade?
 Shine glorious Lamb from Sion's Hill,
 And warm, and raise the Dead.

4 Plant in my Soul, the heav'nly Flowers,
 Which grow in Salem's Grove;
 And water them with joyful Showers,
 Of thy refreshing Love.

H Y M N LV.

Psal. xxxix, 12.

1 **O**NCE more to Thee, I lift mine Eyes,
 Thou Lord, who hearest Prayer;
 My Soul, for thy Salvation cries,
 O, God of Love, give ear,

2 My Spirit mourns in deep Distress,
 While Sorrow, Sin, and Fears,
 Afflict my Soul; hold not thy Peace,
 O Lord, at my sad Tears,

3 I am

- 3 I am a Stranger here below,
 As all my Fathers were :
 I'm wand'ring thro' this Vale of Woe,
 Unto another Sphere.
- 4 Pity, thy Stranger, O my God,
 Who unto Thee would come ;
 And wash me in my Saviour's Blood,
 And lead me safely Home.

H Y M N LVI.

The Mourner's Complaint.

- 1 **S**EE, LORD, an helpless Mourner see,
 With fruitless Grief I mourn for Thee,
 But cannot feel Thee nigh :
 O hearken to my sad Complaints,
 While here assembled with thy Saints,
 Nor pass a Mourner by.
- 2 Long have I sorrowing sought my God,
 And sunk beneath a pond'rous Load
 Of Sin, and Unbelief :
 Oh ! that the Lord would now appear,
 My feeble, mournful Soul to cheer,
 And silence all my Grief.
- 3 Sometimes, when Thou dost on me Smile,
 I seem to trust Thee for a while,
 But soon the Clouds appear ;
 And overspread the sadden'd Skies,
 I lift my weary longing Eyes,
 But cannot see Thee near.

4 Dear

- 4 Dear Saviour, shew thy Love to me,
 My longing Heart, cries out for Thee,
 Thy peaceful Smiles to meet ;
 Or if thy Bowels can forbear,
 An helpless Mourner's Cries to hear,
 I'll perish at thy Feet.

H Y M N LVII.

An HYMN for the LORD's SUPPER.

- 1 JESUS, Thou lovely bleeding Lamb,
 Who underwent our Grief and Shame,
 To save our Souls from Hell :
 While here we sit around thy Board,
 'Thy Pain and Suff'rings to record,
 Thy Praise aloud we'll tell.
- 2 We'll shout and sing thy lovely Name,
 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 We'll sing thy Sov'reign Grace :
 Why didst Thou leave thy Throne above,
 To come and bleed to Death for Love,
 To save our sinking Race ?
- 3 Oh matchless Grace ! oh boundless Love ;
 Help us ye glorious Hosts above,
 To sound his Praise abroad :
 Hosannah ! blessed be his Name,
 He fought, and bled, and overcame,
 And bought our Peace with God.
- 4 Thus, will we crown thy Feast with Songs,
 And join with Heav'n's triumphant Throngs,
 To sing thy bleeding Heart :

Let.



Let every Soul, that mourning came,
Break forth, and loud with us proclaim
Thy Love before we part.

- 5 Thus strengthen'd in our heav'nly Road,
We'll travel to the Mount of God,
To join in *Gabriel's* Song :
There, while we banquet on thy Love,
Our Songs shall fill the Orbs above,
'Mong the Seraphic Throng.

H Y M N LVIII.

Sol. Song, viii, 5.

- 1 **W**HO is this heavenly Stranger, who
That travels from this Vale of Woe,
This Desert howling wide ?
'Tis Christ's dear Spouse, to Men unknown,
She leans on her beloved one,
While she is here exil'd.
- 2 Onward she moves, and makes t'wards Home,
Nor will she rest, until she come
Unto her Father's House ;
With Heav'n's glad Hosts, there to sit down,
Eternally to wear the Crown,
The Lamb's beloved Spouse.
- 3 Dear Husband of thy Church, look down,
And seize our Hearts, all for Thine own,
Let Heavenly Love o'ercome ;
And make us thy beloved Bride,
And keep us walking near thy Side,
'Till Thou hast brought us Home.

4 While

- 4 While in this Wilderness we stay,
 Guide us through all the dangerous Way,
 And while we lean on Thee,
 We'll march with Courage in thy Strength,
 'Till all are brought to Heav'n at length,
 Thy lovely Face to see.

H Y M N LIX.

At Meeting to Worship.

- 1 **H**ERE, Lord, in thy great Name we meet,
 And humbly worship at thy Feet,
 How dreadful is this Place!
 Since Thou hast promis'd to be here,
 With prostrate Awe we wou'd draw near,
 To seek thy milder Face.
- 2 Oh! give us all a pure Desire,
 Kindle in us the Holy Fire,
 Which glow'd in ancient Saints:
 Give us, to feel our Sinfulness,
 And sink into a sweet Distress,
 And find out all our Wants.
- 3 Help us, like Saints of old, to pray,
 Nor hide thy Face from us away,
 Be present with us now:
 And let Thy sweet redeeming Love,
 Descending from thy Throne above,
 Sweetly among us flow.
- 4 Oh! let us hear Thine heavenly Voice,
 Bid every mournful Heart rejoice,
 With Sin and Sorrow part:
 Help us, to make our Saviour room,
 Come, oh! Desire of Nations, come,
 And dwell in every Heart.

H Y M N

H Y M N LX.

A N O T H E R.

1 **W**E bless thy Name, oh! dearest Lord,
That Thou dost still to us afford,
Once more to meet together here,
What Love towards us dost Thou bear!

2 Come, Jesus, now fulfil thy Word,
Come, meet among us, dearest Lord:
Come, let us feel thy Spirit move,
And fill, oh! fill us with thy Love.

3 Now, let our Evening Sacrifice,
Up to the golden Altar rise;
Cast in the Incense of thy Love,
To bring before the Throne above.

4 Thou Lamb of God, who once didst bleed,
Dost thou not for us intercede?
And plead before thy Father's Throne,
'To answer when thy Children groan.

5 Then let our longing Wishes rise,
Help us to breathe them thro' the Skies;
To Thee, we'd pour out our Complaints,
Who hear'st the Cries of all thy Saints.

6 Dear Father, now, if we be Thine,
Make us to feel thy Power divine;
Make every Heart to leap for Joy,
Fill every Soul with sweet Employ.

I

7 Come,

- 7 Come, like a mighty rushing Wind,
 Let heavenly Love fill every Mind;
 Then our rejoicing Tongues shall raise,
 Sweet Songs of great Jehovah's Praise.

H Y M N LXI.

A N O T H E R.

NOW Lord, be with us, when we meet,
 And let our Fellowship be sweet;
 Let heav'nly Love fill every Heart,
 And bless us all, before we part.

H Y M N LXII.

At Parting.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, we part in thy great Name,
 In which we here together came;
 Help us, our few remaining Days,
 To live unto Jehovah's Praise.
- 2 Help us, in Life, and Death, to bless
 The Lord, our Strength, and Righteousness;
 And bring us all, to meet above,
 Then shall we better sing thy Love.

H Y M N LXIII.

Rev. vii, 14, &c.

- 1 **H**OW happy are the Saints above,
 Who once were mourning here:
 But now they taste unmingled Love,
 And Joys without a Tear.

2 From

- 2 From Tribulations great, they came,
And Sorrow, dark as Night;
And in thy Blood, Thou holy Lamb,
They wash'd their Garments white.
- 3 Not for their Sufferings, or their Pain,
Are they before the Throne :
But for their Sins, the Lamb was slain,
And they his Grace have known.
- 4 The weary Pilgrims there shall rest,
Nor Thirst, nor Hunger more ;
Eternal Peace shall fill their Breast,
Where Storms are all blown o'er.
- 5 The Lamb shall feed and lead them there,
Where living Fountains rise :
And wipe away each mournful Tear,
From their lamenting Eyes.
- 6 Oh, how amazing is their Bliss !
In that sweet World of Love ;
Prepare me, Lord, by Sov'reign Grace,
To dwell with them above.

H Y M N LXIV.

A View of HEAVEN.

- 1 **A**RISE, my contemplative Powers,
Go view Heav'n's Fields above ;
How they're adorned with the Flowers,
Of God's unveiled Love.

2 There

- 2 There ever-blooming Beauty's seen,
And Fruits delicious grow ;
The Tree of Life, stands tall and green,
And Streams transparent flow.
- 3 There Angels round their heav'nly King,
Sing forth adoring Strains;
Which with resounding Echos ring,
Thro' all the lightsome Plains.
- 4 There, Walls of precious Stone combine,
And round the City meet ;
And sparkling crystal Pavements shine,
Amidst the golden Street.
- 5 There blessed Jesus smiling sits,
Upon a Throne of Grace :
Ten thousand spotless Beauties meet,
In his most lovely Face.
- 6 Thus, while we view the promis'd Land,
By Faith in Jesus' Love ;
Our soaring Spirits winged stand,
And long to mount above.

F I N I S.